

The Revolutionary Age

A Chronicle and Interpretation of Events in Europe

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Our Dead Comrades

KARL LIEBKNECHT and Rosa Luxemburg are dead, and in dying live forever. Liebknecht murdered by the troops of a "Socialist" government, Rosa Luxemburg lynched by a wealthy mob; both slain that Capitalism may live. . . . "And they cried, 'Give us Barrabas!'"

Opposed by the, as yet, unconscious masses of the German workers and soldiers, acting for the sinister forces of Capitalism, disguised in the clothing of Moderate Socialism and Bourgeois Democracy, the Spartacides in Berlin were, for the moment, overwhelmed and dispersed. Liebknecht, Rosa Luxemburg and their comrades were reported as fleeing to safety, but knowing that the masses were already awakening, that there was work still to be done, they distained flight, as they had always distained compromise, and proceeded with their task—the task of sweeping away the last foul vestige of the present system and in its stead building the new social order; the Brotherhood of the Workers of the World.

"Is life boon, if so it must befall that death, when'er he call, must call too soon," writes the poet, and one may pause to drop a tear by the biers, a tear of regret that these two champions of the world's oppressed passed on before they could see the fruition of the glorious hope that Revolutionary Russia gave to the world and which they themselves in turn inspired in the breasts of their comrades. But regrets are vain and belong to the weak. They died as they lived, battling against ignorance and tyranny.

Liebknecht met a fitting death for a man who never counted the odds in life. Single-handed he faced the might of Imperial Germany and, heedless alike of the scorn of the country or the hypocritical applause of the country's antagonists, he spoke against the war; he voiced the protest of the common people of all countries—the protest they were themselves afraid to whisper. When the war was at its height, when the arms of Imperial Germany were apparently victorious and the inert masses were glorifying the chains that bound them, he voiced the call to action. Dragged into prison he spoke from the prison cell in a voice that sounded round the world and revived the dying hope of his comrades in all lands.

He indignantly spurned compromise when Imperialism was rampant, as he spurned it when the bourgeois "Socialists" succeeded in betraying the proletarian masses in the days immediately preceding his death, and when captured by the troops of these "Socialists" he spurned the compromise of imprisonment. Though wounded and weak from the blows of the wealthy mob he made a dash for liberty against great odds. "Halt," shouted the soldiers; but though the guns were at their shoulders and their aim swift and sure he kept on, knowing that he was needed to urge the awakening masses into their final triumphant struggle. . . . And so he fell with three bullets in his body.

Rosa Luxemburg's death at the hands of a mob composed, according to the press, of the

sons and daughters of manufacturers and war profiteers, is revolting in its savagery and bestiality, but the brutality of the mob is in itself a tribute to the great mind, the powerful oratory and the uncompromising attitude of this great woman. Handicapped by a somewhat unprepossessing appearance and a shuffling gait, Rosa Luxemburg, Red Rosa, as the people called her, was probably the most powerful propagandist in Germany. Fearless and steadfast she also refused to compromise with Imperialism, and when released from the prison cell to which a frightened autocracy had condemned her, she, like Liebknecht, refused to compromise with the men who had betrayed the cause of Socialism. With the rest of the Spartacus Group she sounded the call to the proletariat to proceed with the work they had undertaken, to sweep away with the Kaiser and his throne the society of which he was the expression.

Immediately she was released from prison she began the work of organizing the propertyless workers of the cities and the landless peasants of the countryside. To the men and women, on whose behalf her powerful voice and vivid pen were never idle, she appealed; they followed her and swelled the ranks of the Spartacides. Even when in convention the Spartacus Group were wavering on the verge of compromise over the National Assembly it was she, supported by Karl Radek, the Bolshevik envoy, who pointed out the way and kept the convention true to its revolutionary purpose.

Little wonder that the wealthy mob, given the opportunity by the campaign of hatred and slander waged against her by the *Vorwaerts* and the majority Socialist organs generally, seized the chance to lynch her, for she was one of its most uncompromising foes. She fought privilege and exploitation wherever she found it, with all the strength of her passionate being she embraced the cause of the world's outcasts and there is something not unfitting that the body of Red Rosa should float along the dark waters of a canal, where the bodies of the women of the working class have so often floated when in death they have sought refuge from the persecution, prostitution, and hunger, that is so often their portion under this cursed system of Capitalism. Red Rosa!—her body goes to keep company with the bodies of the sisters in whose cause she spent her life. The roses will bloom red along the banks of that canal.

It is reported that the government "Socialists" fear that the Spartacides may exact vengeance for the deaths of their comrades; but they need not fear vengeance and if they were Socialists in anything else but name, they would not fear it for they would know that the cause for which Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg gave their lives knows nothing of vengeance. It is the bourgeoisie who awaken the passions of the mob. The Spartacides will not insult the memory of their dead by yielding to the baser instincts.

But though they need not fear that vengeance will be visited upon them they may well tremble,

for aroused to further effort by these brutal murders, the revolutionary Socialists will certainly march to the conquest of power sweeping these bourgeois "Socialists" away with the system of which they are a diseased growth. Revenge is no part of revolutionary Socialism but if necessity decrees that the new social order can only be born in the valley of the shadow of death, in the blood and tears of a world in labor, then the dark ways of that valley will be fearlessly trod and those who would cry halt to the forward march of the people's masses must take the consequences. The workers have suffered through the ages and in the agony of their suffering they have glimpsed the new civilization and towards it they march. They march not for vengeance, they come to bring peace not the sword, but they march ever forward, nothing will stay their steps.

Two great fighters are gone, but the cause of which they were such fearless and able advocates would be unworthy of them if it were for a moment to falter. They were a part of that cause which depends not on individualities, and in dying they give to it only a further impetus not alone in Germany, but throughout the entire world.

Powerful in life, they are invincible in death. Already the German proletariat, awakened to consciousness by the tragedy, is swinging into action, already the "Socialist" government talks of delaying the National Assembly. . . . The broad masses are stirring, stirring as do the leaves of the forest trees with the first faint breath of the coming storm. The clarion call is sounding, the workers are massing for the assault, the moment of action is approaching and above the masses, ever beckoning them on to the conquest of power, hovers the spirit of these two heroic souls.

One lies in a coffin, the other drifts with the slow moving waters of the canal, but in spirit they both march in the van of the ever growing army of the revolutionary proletariat.

And we of the Western world send our silent sympathy across the restless sea to our revolutionary comrades in this the hour of their sorrow and of ours. From out the jails of this country, the source from which our dead comrades would most appreciate it, rises the sympathy of those most worthy amongst us to sympathize.

Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, we who have called you Comrade and who strive with faltering steps, as you have so ably striven with firmer tread, to establish the Brotherhood of the World's Workers, salute you as you pass on. We salute you now in silent homage for the great work you have so fearlessly performed, even as the inert masses must in the coming days of emancipation render homage to the great cause in which you died. You have gone to join the noble army of the proletariat's martyred dead, you have well earned the name Spartacus.

In sorrow we salute you, when the class struggle flames in action we will remember you.

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LOUIS C. FRAINA Editor
EADMONN MACALPINE Associate Editor
Contributing Editors

SCOTT NEARING LUDWIG LORE
JOHN REED SEN KATAYAMA
N. I. HOURWICH G. WEINSTEIN

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Saturday, January 25, 1919

War Legends

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is writing a series of articles for the Hearst papers in which he makes some very interesting disclosures. It will doubtless come as a surprise to many of those worthy persons who have so often indicted Germany and particularly those so-called Socialists who saw the end of civilization if Germany was not crushed to know that Mr. Shaw is now publicly stating that Belgium was caught "between the pass and points of mighty opposites," that she had no choice in the matter at all and that the Allies told her, in effect, "that in the event of a German invasion England would defend the soil of Belgium, invited or uninvited, and the Belgians resigned themselves to their fate accordingly." He further states that "General French and other officers were instructed to prepare themselves for the command of the expeditionary force by studying the ground of Flanders. . . . The result was when the war broke out England was, up to the limit of her engagements, by far the best prepared of all the belligerents."

In other words, Shaw proves that Belgium was merely filling her usual role, the role in fact for which she is maintained, of supplying the battleground for Europe. Any student of government of course knows that nations do not go to war for heroic purposes, but for material reasons, just as every student of history knows that the great powers of Europe frequently picked out Belgium as the scene of battle, but as Shaw points out it is necessary to have some high idealistic legends to talk about in order to force the common people into fighting and paying for the war. Socialists invariably pride themselves on the fact that they are concerned only with the realities of the situation and not at all with the camouflage that invariably covers the real motives of government; and the excuses both written and spoken, of the various social-patriots now reveal them as either liars or impostors.

Shaw does not attempt to prove that Germany is not guilty of most of the things charged against her, any more than the Socialists who opposed the war in all countries attempted to prove it, but what he does prove is that the whole affair was a conflict between two sets of imperialists, that under the present system of society it was unavoidable, that both groups of belligerents recognized that it was unavoidable, and that it was only narrowly averted on a number of previous occasions.

He goes on to show that in each of the groups of belligerents there were exactly the same main elements: those who wanted the war immediately and those who wished to put it off as long as possible. Haldane and Asquith, according to Shaw, belonged to the latter element, while the jingoes were for war immediately. "The jingoes, on the other hand, were eager for a fight with Germany. Many of them advocated a surprise attack on the German fleet about a year before the war." Among those who wished to avoid plunging into the war, he classes the "commercial non-interventionists . . . who objected to meddling in continental quarrels, and knew that huge profits could be made out of a war by neutrals supplying the combatants with war materials. On their position I need not

expatiate, as it prevailed in the United States during the first years of the war."

The Hearst papers refer to the article as putting the "ban on war legends at the peace table," but although the main substance of the articles deal with actual facts and could doubtless be supported by documentary evidence, they will not put the ban on war legends, nor will they even stop the circulation of peace legends. Every war brings similar revelations when it is over, but just the same when governments decide to go to war again they will use the same methods and the people will believe them so long as Capitalism exists. A people who allow themselves to be exploited in the workshops and factories, who submit to continual want in their daily lives, who swallow the legends of their masters with regard to the things of life with which they are familiar will not cease to believe legends about those things which they do not understand. If people can be made to believe that Capitalism with its attendant unemployment, starvation, crime and black hideousness is something that they themselves desire, they can easily be made to believe any fable told them about the people of some other part of the globe.

There is only one way to put the ban on war legends, or peace legends; the establishment of a system of society wherein it will be unnecessary to spin these legends. Shaw shows clearly that as long as we have conflicting groups of interests so long we will have war. The only way to avoid war is to abolish these conflicting groups and this can only be accomplished by the intervention of the revolutionary proletariat and the introduction of Socialism.

They Are Still There!

WITH a flourish of trumpets the press announces that the Supreme Council of the Peace Conference has decided to recognize the Russian Revolution, but a perusal of the official text wireless to Russia reveals the fact that the only recognition accorded to the Revolution is that the Allies have decided that a revolution actually has taken place in Russia. That the Great Powers recognize the Revolution in the sense that the term *recognition* is usually understood in international affairs is by no means clear. All the recognition accorded to Russia is the grudging recognition that Manufacturers' Associations accord to strikers that they are unable to beat or starve into submission.

The note to Russia is teeming with the fine phrases of diplomatic language:

The single object the representatives of the associated powers have had in mind in their discussions of the course they should pursue with regard to Russia has been to help the Russian people, not to hinder them or to interfere in any manner with their right to settle their own affairs in their own way.

They regard the Russian people as their friends, not their enemies. . . .

They recognize the absolute right of the Russian people to direct their own affairs without dictation or direction of any kind from outside. They do not wish to exploit or make use of Russia in any way.

They recognize the revolution without reservation and will in no way and in no circumstances aid or give countenance to any attempt at a counter-revolution.

It is not their wish or purpose to favor or assist any one of the organized groups now contending for the leadership and guidance of Russia as against the others. Their sole and sincere purpose is to do what they can to bring

Russia peace and an opportunity to find her way out of her present troubles.

. . . They invite every organized group that is now exercising or attempting to exercise political authority or military control anywhere . . . in Siberia, or within the boundaries of European Russia as they stood before the war just concluded, except in Finland, to send representatives, not exceeding three for each group, to Princes' Island, Sea of Marmora, where they will be met by representatives of the associated powers, provided in the meantime there is a truce of arms amongst the parties invited and that all armed forces anywhere sent or directed against any people or territory inside the boundaries of European Russia as they stood before the war, of against Finland, or against any people or territory whose autonomous action is in contemplation in the fourteen articles upon which the present negotiations are based, shall be meanwhile withdrawn and aggressive military actions cease. . . .

Beneath these fine phrases lies, what? When the associated powers decided on intervention in Russia their declarations were filled with honeyed words and behind those honeyed words were the guns and bayonets of invading armies.

"They regard the Russian people as their friends, not their enemies." Was it on account of this regard that the people of Vladivostok marched with the red coffins of their dead, their dead who died defending the Soviet against the Czecho-Slovak and Japanese troops? Is it on account of this regard that the Russian peasant said: "We listen and strain to hear the sound of the peasants and workers of other lands coming to the rescue. But it is in vain. All we can hear is the sound of the guns in the north." Are they the friends of Russia who bring "the sound of the guns" to the Russian workers and peasants?

"They recognize the absolute right of the Russian people to direct their own affairs without dictation or direction of any kind from outside." Was it because they recognized this right that the great powers of the world shipped their soldiers across the wintry seas to Northern Russia, that England attempted to force the peaceful young men of Canada to sail with arms in their hands for Russian ports, that the associated powers supported the Czecho-Slovaks when they attacked the local Soviets on their supposed peaceful march through Russia?

"They recognize the revolution without reservation and will in no way and in no circumstances aid or give countenance to any attempt at a counter-revolution." Is it because of this that the associated powers have supported every makeshift government that was formed behind their bayonets? Is it because they will not aid counter-revolution that the press of the Allied countries have lauded to the skies every Czarist adventurer who set up a dictatorship, that the associated powers have treated with every counter-revolutionary group in the country?

"It is not their wish or purpose to favor or assist any one of the organized groups now contending for the leadership and guidance of Russia against the others." Is it because of this wish that the armies of the associated nations have waged war almost exclusively against the Bolsheviks and the Soviets, that the powers invite every little group that has organized itself in some isolated spot, with the help of Chinese mercenaries and Cossack bandits, to attend this conference on equal terms with those who made the revolution and who during the weary months have consolidated and defended the revolution with their lives? Is it because of this wish that throughout the press of the associated nations the Bolsheviks have been slandered and vilified while the Czar and his junkers are the heroes of countless sentimental stories?

Is it because of all these fine sentiments that the associated powers demand a truce wherever the Bolsheviks are suppressing the counter-revolution and do not speak about a truce in Siberia where their armies are operating against the Soviets. Why is Siberia specifically mentioned when speaking of the representation and ignored when speaking about the territory where the truce and withdrawal of troops shall be effective?

There is only one way in which the associated powers can prove their oft-expressed friendliness towards the Russian people; they can withdraw their troops from Russia. It is only by such withdrawal that they

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can substantiate the sentiments expressed in this very note, that they can "recognize the absolute right of the Russian people to direct their own affairs without dictation or direction of any kind from outside."

Only their actions give the key to the attitude of the associated powers towards Russia. Alien troops are still in Archangel and Vladivostok. . . .

The Situation in Germany

WITH the majority of the returns for the National Assembly already in it seems clear that whatever may be the final outcome of the voting the Assembly will be about evenly divided between Majority Socialism and bourgeois reaction. Whether or no the Majority Socialists show a big gain in the districts not yet heard from, it is already evident that they will have no mandate for the introduction of Socialism, even were they so inclined.

All that can eventuate from the National Assembly is a compromise reform program which, if allowed to go into effect, would leave Capitalism even more secure than it was under the regime of the Kaiser. The returns to date are 167 seats for the various bourgeois parties, 132 for the majority Socialists and 22 for the Independent Socialists. This means that although the majority Socialists can form a government they can be defeated every time they attempt anything in the nature of radical legislation. The situation now stands as it might have stood had the Reichstag suddenly decided to become "democratic," pension the Kaiser, and establish a government along the lines of France, England or America; it can not be considered in any way the fruits of a revolution in the Socialist sense.

This Assembly will not make any fundamental change in the basis of the structure of society in Germany, the wage system will remain, private property is still inviolate and state Capitalism looms ahead. The change is in reality no more fundamental than the change from a conservative to a liberal administration in England or from a republican to a democratic administration in America. The Germans have accomplished nothing more than the British Labor Party expected to accomplish through the agency of the ballot in the last elections. This is the situation in Germany today from the point of view of the National Assembly, from the purely superficial aspect.

But there has been a revolution in Germany. And there is still a revolutionary situation there, a situation not reflected by the election returns, but by the strikes that are sweeping over the land like wildfire and by the dictatorship of the proletariat that is in operation in the north.

According to the press reports the majority Socialists are in control; according to the election returns majority Socialism is sharing popularity about evenly with the combined bourgeois parties, but the National Assembly is to be held at Weimar. . . .

This is the key to the real situation in Germany. The government if it was in control, or even if it was confident of being able to withstand attack, would not contemplate moving the Assembly from the capital. The widespread strikes and the situation in the cities of the north indicate that the removal of the seat of the Assembly is due to the fear of the government that the proletariat may march into action at any moment.

It is one of the peculiarities of peoples that they are unable to learn from the experience of others. With the exception of the Spartacides, the groups in Germany appear to have learned nothing from the experiences of Russia; they are determined to go through the same devious paths and learn the lesson for themselves. Though it would be folly to maintain that the two countries parallel each other in particulars, yet in general the problems that are now facing Germany are the same as those which faced Russia in the first months of the revolution. It is true that Germany has a strong petty bourgeois class of small property owners and skilled workers, and also a strong upper middle class, factors that were lacking in Russia, but it is also true that Germany has a large industrial proletariat capable of quicker organization and quicker action than the agricultural proletariat, or peasants, which formed the majority in Russia. Like-

wise it is true that the skilled workers and the proletariat of Germany have been trained to believe that if they were able to obtain equal suffrage and similar reforms they could remedy their ills, whereas in Russia the peasants and the industrial proletariat suffered under no such illusion.

This tendency in Germany to believe wholly in the efficacy of purely political action is reflected in the vacillating attitude of the Independent Socialists. When actually in action, as during the days preceding the deaths of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, the Independents invariably fought alongside of the Spartacus, but when any opportunity, however slight, offered for a relapse from action to political bartering the Independents faltered and were lost. More than any other single party the Independent Socialists have been responsible for holding the proletarian masses in leash; they speak the language of revolution, but they use the actions of compromisers.

But apart from these aspects of the situation the real difference between the task ahead of revolutionary Socialism in Germany and the difficulties which confronted the Bolsheviks prior to November, 1918, in Russia, is the fact that the Bolsheviks had a rallying cry in the longing of the masses for peace, and the vital necessity of the land to the peasants.

"Peace, bread and land" was the rallying cry of the Bolsheviks and the war-weary, hungry workers and peasants flocked to their standards. In Germany it is reaction that promises peace. "Be good and the Allies will feed you" is the slogan of majority Socialism while the Spartacus Group can only offer the masses the stormy path of revolution in the immediate future, although they hold the key to ultimate freedom.

The actions of the National Assembly will do much to clarify the situation. The superficiality of the program of majority Socialism will develop out of the Assembly. The workers will find that they are to be cheated of the fruits of the revolution, that they have deposed the Kaiser in a blaze of civil war, only to return to the toil of the factories and the scant subsistence of the pre-war, pre-revolutionary period. They will awaken to the fact that the National Assembly is not the instrument of revolution, that they are to be cheated out of the substance of their victory by the shadowy phrases of bourgeois democracy. Then will the slogan of the Spartacides: "The factories to the workers, the land to the peasants! All power to the

Councils of Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies!" be the rallying cry of the masses, the signal for their revolutionary intervention and the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat.

Bolshevikjabs

PORTUGAL is certainly distinguishing herself, when the world flames against kings and thrones she re-builds a throne and re-crowns a king.

As the war was "to make the world safe for democracy" we don't see how Portugal's recent action can be considered in any other light than that of an overt act.

But maybe like George, Albert, the Emperor of Japan, et al., Manuel is a democrat.

Now that the Red Terror has become prominent and everybody knows all about it public interest is beginning to wain, so *The New York World* discovers something else: Terrorism has begun in Ireland, two policemen were shot in Tipperary. We would like to be the first in the field with something, so we suggest that in future when righteous indignation is wanted against the Irish the press refers to the Green Terror.

But, after all, we don't see why such a fuss should be raised about two policemen being killed in Ireland. Ireland supplies police to many countries, so why shouldn't she kill a couple every now and then if she wants to.

We see that Major General Wood is urging the people of Kansas to prepare for the next war. But surely there is some mistake, didn't somebody say there wasn't going to be no next war.

The Bolsheviks have evacuated Petrograd again. They certainly are a changeable sort of people.

Mr. Theodore P. Shonts of New York, who edits papers for a living and crushes people in the subway for amusement, is out with the announcement that if the city takes control of the subways it will cost the public 15c every time they take a dive underground, but being a public-spirited man he also says that he will run the subways and only charge 7c, that is 2c more than usual.

George Creel has written an article on his own work and, as modesty forbids him to boost it, he refers to a German staff order against it which he claims proves its effectiveness. It might prove that the German staff had more consideration for the public than American newspaper editors, but then it might prove a lot of things. He goes on to tell us that the pamphlet "told the truth in short, sharp sentences." If these pamphlets were as true as the sentences in the Sisson documents were short, why . . .

The Textile Manufacturers' Association does not favor an eight-hour day, according to the press. We understand that the workers do favor it. Some side has got to change its taste in hours. The American Woolen Mills want their employees to "discuss the matter in a friendly and helpful way." A good way, thoroughly democratic and everything, would be to put it to a vote. Give the bosses a vote apiece and the workers a vote apiece.

We would recommend to plotless story writers that they should read the results of the investigation at present going on in Washington into the I. W. W. propaganda. No one would ever have expected that a labor organization would be so spectacular or so involved. We find the names of such respectable people as Frank P. Walsh, Dr. Percy Stickney Grant, Professor John Dewey and Walter E. Weyl mentioned in the same breath as "Dynamite Louise," Leon Trotzky and Alexander Berkman. It is true that it is not quite clear who "Dynamite Louise" is or just how she earned her picturesque sobriquet, but doubtless she was mixed up in some terrible affairs.

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The Background of the German Revolution

By Louis C. Fraina

IV

The First Stage of the Revolution

LENIN was right—Russia's separate peace did not end the war or give German Imperialism the victory. The war flared up more intense and violent than ever, and more intense became mass agony and starvation, more intense became the economic and political crisis, more intense became the awakening of the masses and the revolutionary struggle for peace.

In May, 1918, German Imperialism staked all on one desperate offensive, and lost. Instead of peace, the unparalleled butchery brought more misery to the German proletariat. The revolutionary unrest developed more acutely. Great industrial strikes broke loose, in spite of the union bureaucrats' appeal to the strikers to "be calm"—particularly in the Essen regions. The Kaiser made a speech to the Krupp workers, warning them of the horrible results of revolution in Russia. The soldiers were uneasy, and mutiny spread. On August 5, German soldiers at Reval, "corrupted" by Bolshevik propaganda, disarmed themselves to show they were tired of war. The telephone wires were cut, and at meetings held the same day speakers denounced war. The cry was: "Enough of bloodshed! We do not want to fight any longer!" Two hundred soldiers were arrested. At Felline, in Livonia, at the end of July, trouble started in the garrison, which thereupon received orders to place itself in readiness for the western front—an order never executed. Detachments sent to enforce the order joined the rebels and, singing revolutionary songs, they all marched to the railway station, divesting themselves of military insignia. Upon their arrival at Meisekull depot, they met detachments coming from Perman and Weissenstein on their way to the western front. After a meeting, the new soldiers divested themselves of military insignia and dispersed with cries: "Enough of war! Peace and bread!" Revolutionary Socialists in Bremen issued a pamphlet declaring that not only the Scheidemann majority Socialism, but also the Independent Socialists of the Haase type, were simply adepts in radical phrases while avoiding deeds; the international Socialists and Communists insisted upon revolutionary action.

All this, spread all over Germany, arousing the consciousness of the masses to their misery and the necessity for revolution.

The German offensive collapsed, and the Allies assumed the offensive; the war became still more hopeless. Then came the break in Bulgaria, where, according to all reports, Bolshevism was rampant; then came the break in Austria, where again Bolshevism was rampant. The revolutionary masses in Bulgaria compelled Czar Ferdinand to make a counter-revolutionary peace to save the dynasty; but the dynasty is no more. A new government asked for and secured an armistice. Germany was isolated.

But still Germany might have waged war for months and years to come, according to experts, if Revolution had not broken the power of the government and of the imperialistic machine. During October, the revolutionary crisis in Germany emerged definitely into action. The Socialists of the Spartacus Group, representing revolutionary Socialism, Bolshevism, issued the following appeal:

"Workers, awake! The dreams of world domination of German Imperialism have vanished into smoke. On heaps of corpses, in seas of blood, they wanted to establish that domination. Vain are their efforts! The sword cannot forever rule the world. In one night everything has collapsed. The shameless traffic with the destiny of the peoples of the East has brought its fruits; it forced the peoples of the West to unite for defense.

"Everything is falling. On the field of battle—defeat after defeat: in Flanders, the Balkans, in Palestine. The alliance of the Central Powers, that was to serve as the means to world domination by Germany, has failed completely. Hardly had the robbers ended their quarrels over the spoils—Germany and Austria for Poland, Austria, Turkey and Bulgaria for Rumania, Germany and Austria and Bulgaria for the Dobruja—then Bulgaria leaves the coalition, and concludes a separate peace with France and England. The German people do not want world domination, they do not want war, they want peace. But already German soldiers are being driven from the western front in order to force Bulgaria to continue the war. The German proletariat, which has nothing to eat, whose wives and children suffer and languish—this proletariat must now take the Bulgarian proletariat by the throat and force it to fight!

"Thus the ruling clique in Germany tries to retain power. It feels the ground slipping. It is bankrupt: bankrupt on the field of battle, bankrupt in external and internal policy. The hands of the masters are standing up in fright at the consequences of their criminal military adventures. A shiver runs through their body at the very thought of the awakening of the tortured and deceived proletariat, at the thought of the people's judgment."

The old government, apprehensive of events, feeling the surge of proletarian awakening, snatched at the prestige of Socialism to bolster up its power; and invited Scheidemann and two other majority Socialists into the Cabinet—again to deceive the masses. Scheidemann & Co. accepted with alacrity this counter-revolutionary task. The Spartacus appeal continues:

"At this very moment the government Socialists, the Scheidemanns, offer their services to sustain the tottering

power of the German bourgeoisie. At this hour of potential world revolution, they are busy with petty bargaining attempting to secure a few ministerial seats—they stand ready to save the situation for the imperialistic bourgeoisie, force the people to wait longer for the war's end, to prolong the slaughter of the peoples. They want to patch up things, to blur the class character of capitalist rule and Prussian reaction, in order to make these acceptable to the people.

"What were the conditions under which the government Socialists consented to do lackey's service? The solemn repudiation by the German government of annexations and indemnities! Yes, at this moment, when the English and French field guns are making efforts not to allow the German Government to secure annexations and indemnities! There is still more: suffrage reform in Prussia! Yes, at this moment, when universal suffrage, because of the shameful role of the Reichstag during the war, has become an empty husk. And these lackeys of the bourgeoisie did not even dare demand the repeal of martial law, did not even demand that the Reichstag should sit continuously. Thus they express their readiness, in return for a few contemptible ministerial portfolios, to act in the comedy of a "reformed" Germany in order to defend the rule of the capitalists against the action of the people. This is all that "reforms" mean.

"Our task consists precisely in this, that we must destroy this agreement against the proletariat and the future of Socialism. Everything is now at stake. Down with Prussian reaction and the rule of Capitalism! The problem now is to secure an immediate and permanent peace! But to secure permanent peace this is necessary: the destruction of militarism, the rule of the people, and a republic. The German proletariat must become the master of the situation. Onward, under the flag of Socialism! Long live the Revolution of the international proletariat!

"We must not look forward to the victory of Anglo-French Imperialism. If military might should dictate terms of peace, then lost will be the cause of freedom and Socialism. No matter which guns are victorious, whether German or English, the working class everywhere would have to pay. International reaction and militarism, if they are victorious, will fasten upon the working class chains ten times heavier than the old.

"The proletariat of all countries must end the slaughter by means of revolt. The revolutionary proletariat alone can dictate terms of peace in the interests of freedom and Socialism. The hour to act has come. The English and the French workers may follow the German workers. Onward, German workers and soldiers, male and female! Forward to the battle for freedom, for an immediate peace, and Socialism! Onward to the brotherhood of all peoples under the flag of free labor! Down with the class rule of the bourgeoisie! All power to the proletariat! Long live the international Revolution of the proletariat!"

The entrance of Scheidemann & Co. into the capitalist government did not abate the revolutionary crisis; it developed more acutely. Everywhere the proletariat turned to revolutionary mass action. The government—"Socialist" farce of a "reformed" Germany did not deceive the masses. Freedom for Karl Liebknecht was demanded, and granted by the frightened government, by a brutal government trying to prove itself "good." A great demonstration was arranged for Liebknecht in Berlin, huge masses welcoming him and his revolutionary utterances, while they acclaimed the Socialist Republic and sent their fraternal greetings to the Russian Soviets.

Upon the development of the revolutionary crisis in Germany, the Soviet Government issued a proclamation to the German proletariat offering them help in making their revolution, and an army to co-operate, if necessary, in a revolutionary war against Anglo-French Imperialism and for the world revolution. Lenin took the initiative, and said to the Soviet Executive Committee: "The revolutionary crisis in Germany shows either a revolution begun or a revolution inevitable in the near future. Placing Scheidemann & Co. in the government will simply hasten the revolutionary explosion. We had decided to have an army of one million men by spring, but we shall now need an army of three million."

The spirit of revolutionary action during October was spreading rapidly all through Germany, among the proletariat and in the army. But the Social-Democratic Party, the majority Socialism of Scheidemann, Ebert & Co., did all in its power to prevent a revolution—in accord with its counter-revolutionary policy and traditions. On October 17 the Executive Committee of the Social Democratic Party issued a declaration against revolution: "All this agitation by confused, irresponsible persons, using Bolshevik revolutionary phrases, who are trying to rouse the workers to strikes and demonstrations against the Government that would have no sense nor object at present, makes it more difficult to bring about peace and democratize Germany. . . . As the authorized representatives of the Social Democratic Party have always declared, we wish to transform our political structures into a democracy and our economic life into Socialism by means of a peaceful change. We are on the road to peace and democracy. All agitation for an attempted revolt runs counter to this road and serves the cause of the counter-revolution." (My italics.) And this, just at the moment when the proletariat was on the verge of bursting forth in that elemental revolutionary action that shattered the autocracy, and made a breach in the old order through which the proletariat

could break through for action and the conquest of power! The language of this counter-revolutionary declaration was used in Russia against the Bolsheviks by moderate Socialism: it is characteristic and universal. This hesitation, this utter lack of audacity and revolutionary initiative, this horror of proletarian mass action characterized the Social Democratic Party before the war, characterized its majority during the war, and characterizes its policy during the Revolution, when the German proletariat is accomplishing great things, and Frederick Engels' prophecy of thirty years ago might come true—that out of the next general European war would emerge Socialism. Their theory becomes life, and they contemptuously reject life itself. . . .

But the masses were in motion, the class struggle had flared up implacably, the agitation of the Spartacus Socialists and many of the Independents accelerated the march of events. On November 4, the government of Prince Max and Scheidemann issued a proclamation, boasting of the deeds of the army, of universal suffrage, of democracy in Germany—with the Kaiser still in power. But on November 7, 8 and 9, the first anniversary of the proletarian revolution in Russia, the German Revolution became an accomplished fact. The German fleet was seized by mutinous sailors; sailors at Kiel acted in favor of the revolution, organized Councils of Workmen, Soldiers and Sailors; and when a Government "Socialist" delegation arrived at Kiel to give orders, the delegation itself was given orders to bring back to Berlin. The revolution marched into action at Hamburg, where artillery was used in street battles. Everywhere the proletariat turned to its own revolutionary activity, strikes developing into demonstrations, and demonstrations into revolutionary mass action, Councils of Workmen and Soldiers being organized as the instruments of the Revolution.

The government was ignored, the existing Socialists and union organizations were ignored: the proletariat turned to mass action and the characteristic instruments of the proletarian revolution, the Councils of Workmen and Soldiers. In spite of all and everything, the German proletariat, by means of characteristic Bolshevik methods, accomplished the first stage of the German Revolution.

From Kiel and Hamburg the revolutionary movement spread rapidly. In Berlin, enormous demonstrations broke loose, soldier deserters being particularly active. The Council of Workmen and Soldiers in the industrial district of Chemnitz on November 9, at 2 A. M., issued the following proclamation in *The Volkstimme*:

"On with the struggle for freedom, bread and peace! Workers and Soldiers in the industrial district of Chemnitz:

"The undersigned Council of the workers and soldiers of Chemnitz has this night taken into its hands the military and political power, as has already been done in the strategic, decisive districts of Germany.

"The Council of Workmen and Soldiers guarantees the maintenance of order and public safety.

"The stopping of work may take place only at the order of the Workers' and Soldiers' Council.

"Everyone, therefore, go to his place of work until further directions are received. The means of communication and all official business must be continued until orders to the contrary from the Workers' and Soldiers' Council.

"He who leaves his post without permission will without consideration be called to account, also each official who attempts sabotage or who through negligence in service harms the public welfare.

"The military power of command is in the hands of the Council of Workmen and Soldiers. All orders from other sources are to be ignored. The Council will take the necessary measures for the provisioning of the people, and that no shortage in the distribution of food shall occur.

"Therefore, each be unafraid. To-day, at 12 noon, in the Central Theatre, in the Kaumannschen Vereinshaus and in the Neuen Stadt-Theater, meetings of workers and soldiers will be held at which the situation will be discussed.

"The provisional Workers' and Soldiers' Council will be elected and will be given authority to direct all necessary action.

"The taking over of affairs will follow through a definite Workers-Council after its election. This election will take place in the course of the coming week. These have the right to vote, all citizens of both sexes, who have reached their 18th year or have done army service.

"The aim of the Workers' and Soldiers' Councils of Germany is the establishment of the German Socialist Republic.

"Long live the fraternal union of soldiers and workers!

"Long live revolutionary discipline!

"Long live the World Revolution!

"Long live the people's emancipation, Socialism!

"Long live peace!"

"The Council of Workmen and Soldiers in the industrial district of Chemnitz: Fritz Heckert, Max Müller, Corporal Max Stein—Executive Council in power."

The Revolution conquered: the Kaiser fled to Holland; a new "democratic" government was organized—Imperial Chancellor Prince Max appointing the "Socialist" Ebert as chancellor. But the first stage of the Revolution was simply the rst, and not the last: the accomplishment of the first stage of the Revolution indicated the fundamental problems, but did not solve them. The first victory was comparatively easy; but the second, the real victory, the definite accomplish-

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Arrest and Liberation

By Dr. Rakovsky

On the morning of the 23rd of September, approximately one month after Rumania's entry into the war, the police of Bucharest entered my house and after a careful search of my room, arrested me. A police sergeant and a plain clothes agent of the secret police were posted in the hall. I was absolutely denied all communication with the outside world. My wife, who was immediately expelled from our common apartment, brought me my meals from outside, but was not allowed to see me. The plain clothes man had to go down stairs to take from her what she brought me.

Besides the guards in the house there were two policemen stationed, one on the sidewalk across the street, and the other at the front door of the house. During the night the watch was more strict.

I was allowed to receive books and newspapers, but was given no opportunity to take any exercise. I had to stay in my room day and night walking up and down like a beast in a cage.

Nevertheless, there were times when I could get some fresh air; that was when enemy aeroplanes and zeppelins appeared over the Rumanian capitol. At these times I was permitted to go down stairs with my guardians to the cellar or to a sort of tunnel in the courtyard. There were gathered the other tenants of the house, among them an army doctor with whom I passed the time in agreeable conversations. These promenades from my room to the cellar took place mostly at night at hours more or less regular—the zeppelins who visited us also appeared to have regular hours—usually between eleven o'clock and midnight.

The sound of all church bells of the city, the strident whistles of the police, announced that danger approached and that the zeppelin had been sighted. These moments full of anguish for others were for me moments of joy.

I stayed at Bucharest in my improvised prison until the evacuation of the city. The hostile armies were only some dozens of kilometers away, the refugees of surrounding villages already poured into Bucharest, when one night I was awakened at four o'clock in the morning with the order to prepare to leave in two hours for an unknown destination.

During the first week of December, after a trip of several days in the midst of retreating troops, and in cars so crowded that we were obliged to stand up, I arrived at Vassui, capital of one of the Moldavian departments, situated on the Focșani-Jassy railroad. There in a foul prison, in a dark cell where on the brightest days it was difficult to read a book, I passed three months. The prison keeper was an inveterate drunkard and I witnessed savage scenes between him, his subordinates and the prisoners, whom he cursed and beat. From my cell I could hear the sound of his night orgies. In the same prison were some Hungarian dancing girls who used to be invited by the keeper to his private room, separated from my cell by a thin wall, where, in the company of officers and local civilian officials, he passed the night in gambling and drunken bestialities.

In the prison of Vallui I suffered a good deal because of my complete isolation and the absolute lack of news of my mother and my family, who remained in occupied territory. When I was still a prisoner at Bucharest alarming news reached me, brought by a colonel of the Rumanian Army, that "bandits" had violated and assassinated my eldest sister. Several months later when I was a free man in Petrograd this rumor was denied, but I learned other facts of which I had a presentiment at Vallui. My mother was dead and my two nephews had been arrested at the outbreak of the war, one of them thrown into jail, the other interned in a concentration camp in northern Moldavia. They are there still. And while we three, the only males of the family, were persecuted by the Rumanian authorities, the armies of invasion had destroyed everything on my property in Dobruja. Immense provisions of grain, horses and cattle, expensive agricultural implements, a threshing machine, and other things—all that became war booty. Even my books were packed in cases and shipped to one I knew where.

In the eyes of the Rumanian authorities I had two faults which made me a criminal: I was a militant Socialist, and had been born under the Bulgarian flag before Dobruja was annexed to Rumania in 1878. To the Bulgarian authorities also I was a dangerous because a militant Socialist. So on me, and by consequence on my family, the blows fell from two sides.

When the Police Commissioner from Bucharest arrived with me at Vassui, by chance I was able to read the confidential order directed to the keeper

of the prison. Significant thing—my name did not appear. I was referred to in these terms: "My superior order you will imprison the person accompanied by Commissioner Vladimir etc." Why did the government conceal my name? It desired to keep secret the place of my detention, for fear that my political friends might attempt to get me free. It wished also to suppress all trace of an illegal act. My arrest was absolutely arbitrary, and the best proof is that during all my term of imprisonment, which lasted about eight months, no accusation was formulated against me, and there was no examination before any magistrate.

At Vallui I had as companion in captivity a Rumanian second lieutenant born in Germany, son of the former Intendant of the royal house of Rumania. The Intendant came to our country with Queen Elizabeth and remained in the Palace for forty-three years. Old Fischer became a Rumanian citizen and had three sons in the army. Two of them continued in the army, but the eldest was accused of espionage and thrown into prison. As much as I could judge this accusation rested on nothing of importance. They had seized copies of letters which he sent to his fiancé in Berlin before the war and the police had completely twisted the sense of them.

All communication with Fischer as well as with the other prisoners was forbidden me. Nevertheless I managed to get him some books which I procured secretly, the rules of the prison allowing only religious reading matter. Noticing that my companion in misfortune was downcast I tried to encourage him. One day I was able to send him on a scrap of paper a German song which I had just read in Romain Rolland's *Jean Christopher*:

"Auf, auf deinen Schmerzen
Und sorgen sagt gut nacht
Lass fahren was das Herzen
Trübt und trümmert macht."

From Vassui I was transported to Jassy. That took place toward the end of February. At the station I met a group of German civilian prisoners, kept until then in an improvised prison in Police Headquarters, who were returning to Germany; at least that is what they told me, for personally I was skeptical, supposing it more likely that they were being sent to a concentration camp. I begged them to take my greetings to my German Socialist friends, but it was impossible to continue the conversation. At Jassy I was put for two days in a barracks of rural police, repulsively dirty, with a chair as bed. After this they shut me up in the house of an assistant Police Commissioner, where they improvised a prison like the one at Bucharest. I was guarded by secret agents who slept in my room.

At Jassy I was again able to receive newspapers and books. A small detail but very important for a prisoner: I was allowed for the first time to go out for a bath. The prison at Vassui had had no bath room, and I was refused permission to take one in the city.

The proclamation of the Russian Revolution, however, brusquely modified the liberal treatment I was receiving in Jassy. They commenced by suppressing my newspapers; the agents who guarded me had severe orders not to give me any political news, or indeed to speak with me at all. A friend of mine, a Professor in the University, and even a Senator of the Government party, were not allowed to see me. Having learned that one could communicate with the occupied parts of Rumania through the Red Cross, I wanted to telegraph my family, but was refused.

The guard was also reinforced. Four secret agents instead of two alternated day and night at my door. Two policemen were stationed on the sidewalk before the windows of the house. An inspector came frequently to see that orders were strictly carried out. The government was very uneasy. The police saw the Russian Revolution was reviving the courage of the few militant Socialists who were not in the trenches, or in occupied territory. They had reasons to suspect, or in occupied territory. They had reasons to suspect that my friends were communicating with me, and that I even knew of the violent attacks on the government published in the columns of the most nationalistic of Rumanian journals, *La Race Roumaine*, organ of Professor N. Jorga.

What the government feared above all was my escape, and it betrayed its fear by the scarcely concealed nervousness of the agents who guarded me. My impatient impatience was growing. I accommodated myself very badly to forced inactivity, isolation and monotony—but since the Russian Revolution my captivity had become almost insupportable. I could not sleep. An insane desire to be over there among all those

comrades bound to me by mutual convenience—I myself having participated in the Rumanian revolutionary movement for many years—took away all my calm, all possibility of reading and writing. The most fantastic plans succeeded each other in my imagination.

But escape was not easy. I was guarded day and night. All my movements, all my gestures were watched closely. During my walks in the courtyard an agent followed right behind me. Before the window of my one-story house a policeman walked back and forth, glancing savagely at the window every time he saw my face there.

But nothing is more inventive, more ingenious than the mind of a prisoner. I managed even to consult with my friends. It was long and difficult. The first difficulty was to send them letters and receive answers. The second was to be able to say everything in these letters, without, at the same time, betraying the details of my preparations, so that if the letters fell into the hands of the police they would learn nothing. I had to adopt a figurative language, in which my escape was presented as a romantic adventure cited by Greek historians as an episode of the reign of Queen Semiramis. The persons who were to act, the geography of the house, the squares, the buildings and the gardens around were all designated by names borrowed from the history of Babylon. Maps on which were marked the corner of the courtyard where I would attempt to climb the wall, where a ladder should be placed, and the street corner where an automobile should await me—all that was given as part of the same history.

These preparations, however, became absolutely superfluous when I learned that my liberation was to be accomplished by daylight, and by the will of the Russian Revolutionary garrison at Jassy. It was to take place on the first of May, as part of the May Day demonstration. When one can have such an Ally—an entire military organization—escape by the aid of outlaw tricks becomes unworthy of a Socialist.

I hailed with joy this plan, which was communicated to me two or three days before its execution.

On the eve of the event a circumstance occurred which almost ruined the whole affair. I discovered that in the morning, during the daily report which took place in the office of the Chief of Police, an agent had declared that the Russian soldiers were preparing my liberation. This agent even gave certain details. Immediately—it was ten o'clock in the evening—I managed to communicate to those outside the alarming news. I even expected that night to be transported to another place. The next morning when I woke up in the same room my joy was extreme. I immediately sent a courier to communicate this to my friends and to tell them to continue their work. They answered that all preparations were made, and that they had not even had time to report to the Russian Revolutionary Committee the rumors in the Police Department.

They gave me final instructions. My liberation would take place in the afternoon between four and five o'clock. The signal was the *International*, sung by the soldiers as they approached my house. At this moment I should try to reach the courtyard.

The first of May seemed to me the longest day of all my captivity. I believed the victory half won by the fact that the police did not take any special measures. But at three o'clock in the afternoon, suddenly at my door appeared the Chief of Police. He came to invite me to a little automobile trip around the "beautiful and interesting suburbs of Jassy." To make the party more agreeable he brought his two children and his brother-in-law, a doctor.

Ah! All my plans destroyed. My dream of liberty vanished. Perhaps it was my last chance. I had to make a superhuman effort. I must make an offensive of excuses and polite words. I must at all costs refuse to go, but not betray my intentions. For a whole hour the Chief of Police remained in my room, using all his eloquence to convince me. For reasons unknown to me he did not wish to use violence. Without doubt he was not certain that the Russians intended to do anything. Probably he was not certain that he was convinced by my attitude. I pretended to be a little indisposed. The comedy must have been well enough acted, for after an hour of discussion the inspector went away.

Four o'clock—it was time. Scarcely a quarter of an hour later a distant roar, scarcely perceptible, came to my ears. More by intuition than through my senses I knew the crowd was near. With one leap I crossed the empty hall and burst into the courtyard. The agents were there patrolling with a group of five

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Fables for Proletarian Children

1. How the Revolution Began in America

By Louise Bryant

ON a certain cold and lonely night in January, in the present year of Our Lord 1919, I sat up hugging my little coal fire and reading countless garbled and absurdly serious accounts of the spread of the Bolshevik movement in America, the bombs found in Philadelphia, the German Revolution, Anarchy, Red Terror and sentimental stories of Mr. Wilson's visit to the King of Italy. . . . At last utterly exhausted attempting to find any truth in this fabric of lies, I fell asleep over my paper.

I seemed to be in Moscow, although it was a century from the present time and I, or my spirit, seemed still to be anxiously looking for news and the interpretation of events. I walked hurriedly along through the crooked streets and stopped beside a snow-covered cottage on the edge of the beautiful old city, a friendly light shone from the window and curiosity prompted me to look inside.

The great-grandchildren of Nicolai Lenin were sitting around a cosy log fire and the grandson of Scott Nearing, who was then visiting Moscow as a delegate from the All-American Republic of Soviets had come into the nursery to say "good-night." The children were not sleepy and did not want to go to bed, so they begged the grandson of Scott Nearing to tell them a story. "Tell us," they cried, "how the revolution began in America!"

The visitor sat down on a low stool and the children grouped themselves comfortably around him. "It seems countless ages," he began, "although in reality old men in my country can still remember it."

"When Nicholas II, the last Czar of Russia was deposed, American workmen rejoiced with the rest of the world, but a few months later when the Soviets came into power they held strangely aloof. American workers were at this time and for a long time afterwards the most credulous and the least class conscious of any workers in the world and they had been told that all Russia had gone mad and that the Red Terror was an orgy of a depraved and degenerate people. They were also afraid of internationalism."

"The next monarch to lose his crown was the haughty Wilhelm of Germany. Charles of Austria followed within a week and all the heads of those small countries under their domination. France, England, Italy, Spain, Japan and other capitalistic countries still flourished and still planned to hold a conference at Versailles and to create a League of Nations, which was in reality a clever scheme for international policing to stop the further progress of revolution. And they still talked boldly of continuing the invasion of Russia and the destruction of the Soviets."

"All this was brought to a sudden end by the outburst of revolution in Italy at the very moment President Wilson was banqueting with the royal family. This Italian upheaval was of so violent a nature that President Wilson was forced to flee in disguise and in the short space of time it took him to get aboard a boat and sail home, the suppressed countries under British rule, Ireland, India and South Africa revolted and were backed up by British Labor. After that the governments of Spain, France, Greece and Rumania tumbled over like blocks, in rapid succession. Bolshevism spread and embraced Finland, Norway, Sweden, China and even Japan. Within a year the whole world had accepted the new order. That is all but America. She alone remained isolated and reactionary."

"As fast as each European or Asiatic country accepted Socialism, Mr. Creel and Mr. Sisson, who you will remember in your histories as two of the most ridiculous characters of the old order, aided by a huge staff of Special Correspondents, produced documents to prove that each new revolution was the work of

German agents and all the leaders paid by German gold. By a special edict of the government, newspapers were forced to give half their precious space for the daily printing of this false evidence."

"Feeling ran high in America among the few not in prison, who still dared to believe in any sort of freedom. Intolerance was exhibited by all sides. One day a company of militant suffragists stormed the executive mansion and treated President Wilson so roughly that the diamond studded wrist-watch given him by the Queen of England, was broken. He even became so meek that he committed the first and only impulsive act of his life and offered to go straight-away with the ladies before Congress, without even the formality of stopping to get his high silk hat."

"Neither the House nor the Senate would have anything to do with him. They were busy passing resolutions of a very different nature. They informed the country, through the press the following morning, that they had no intention of extending Suffrage; on the other hand, they were taking drastic and immediate action to restrict it. And they blamed President Wilson for bandying the word *democracy* until it was taken seriously by the mob. By this method the Republicans swept the Democrats off the map in the next election. . . ."

Here one of the children interrupted to ask just what the fundamental difference was between the Republicans and Democrats.

"There were two great political parties in America" explained the grandson of Nearing, "both believed in exactly the same principles—private loot of public property. The Republicans were dominated by the great corporations and the Democrats were dominated by the little shop keepers." This explanation was of course entirely clear to these class conscious children. I had noticed from the first that they were exceptionally precocious.

"America at this moment" he went on "was in a very sad state. All foreign loans had been cancelled and we were absolutely shut off from trade with the whole outside world. Even Canada would not have any dealings with us. Factories shut down and the poor suffered unspeakably."

"It was just about this time that the cast-off rulers of the old world began to be felt as an influence in our daily life. One afternoon the Czar and the Czarina and the Czarevitch and the four handsome Grand Duchesses appeared in full court regalia in a box at the Century Theatre in New York, and the audience was commanded to stand up between acts as a mark of respect."

"It had been known for some time that the Czar had not been murdered. All the royalties of the world had gathered in America. New York had been startled one morning by the arrival of George and Mary of England and all their relatives in an aeroplane. They circled over the city and alighted on the roof of the best hotel. And shortly after they were installed in what is vulgarly known in little towns as the *bridal suite*. Other kings and guests followed with their relatives. They lived lavishly, after their custom, and being royalty did not bother to pay their bills. Of course the hotels went bankrupt one after the other. In fact, the hardship caused by foreign potentates on our kindly native millionaires was titful to behold. Almost everyone with over a million dollars was forced to take in a crowned head."

"For some time the Kaiser's family was a difficult problem, as there still lingered an old prejudice against

him. William English Walling, John Spargo, Jim Duncan and other loyal Socialists came to the rescue and got out a pamphlet explaining how he was tricked into the war by the treacherous Bolsheviks, while his cousin George of England made a public statement as to his character; the outcome was a great reconciliation banquet which cost the City of New York \$100,000.

"As time went on and the deposed monarchs began to get restive on account of inaction and many of them went into business. Their ancient coats of arms appeared on the stationery of every important Trust. But even this did not satisfy them. They chartered special trains and went out over the country, visiting different states and being entertained by Mayors and Society people generally."

"The whole trouble seems to have been the outcome of these journeys. And the fact was that they weary of being guests; they longed to be rulers again. . . ."

"King Albert of Belgium, an extremely practical man, conceived the clever idea of changing the American states into forty-eight separate kingdoms. In that way there could easily be a kingdom for each ruler, with the large and rich counties divided into duchies, thereby satisfying everybody."

"The kings held a Convention in New York and unanimously adopted Albert's proposal; but when they came to decide who should rule the greatest states, harmony disappeared and the Convention was in an uproar. As no decision could be reached, the outcome was that they all went to lobby before Congress on their individual claims."

"Congress in those days was so sorely harassed that it was just in the mood to shift its responsibilities on anybody's shoulders. It was forced to levy great public taxes called *Royalty Loans*, in order to take care of our uninvited guests; and in spite of the fact that these loans were not popular, Congress was forced to go even further. The result was lower wages and an increased price of food. Everywhere was starvation and discontent. Even the middle class was restless. Fifth Avenue on a sunny afternoon was an amazing sight: Kings and queens and princesses and ladies-in-waiting strutted up and down in shimmering attire. Our troops were often reviewed for their pleasure. Americans of all classes were ordered by imperial ukase to step off the side-walk and remove their hats in the presence of foreign aristocracy. There was also much talk of removing the statues of our revolutionary fathers and substituting such arch defenders of divine right as Napoleon, Bismark and Peter the Great."

"It was while Congress was debating the most workable plan for the separation of the states into kingdoms that our revolution began. Your illustrious grandfather Nicolai Lenin was still alive and when American revolutionists cabled him the great news he sent back this jovial reply: *America certainly was a hard nut to crack! For us one Czar was enough but for you it took over forty regular monarchs and 2,500 relatives. But remember that the deposing of a monarch is only the first step in a real revolution. Now for the great final emancipation! My long suffering, suppressed comrades welcome to the Society of International Brotherhood!*"

There was a loud crash. I sat up in my chair and confronted a mangy alley cat, which is in a hurry to go somewhere or to get out of somebody's way had inadvertently jumped through my tenement window and ruined my dream. Now I will never know how that comic opera revolution was finally achieved in America.

Concerning the Russian Revolution

By George W. Russell

In our issue of December 28 we published an article under the above title by a great French writer, Romain Rolland, we now reprint from "The Voice of Labour", the organ of the Irish Transport and General Workers Union, an article by a great Irish writer, George W. Russell who is probably better known to the American public under his pen name A.E.

The article is in the form of a letter addressed to William O'Brien, Secretary of the Irish Labor Party and was intended to be read at a meeting called by that body in Dublin for the purpose of supporting the Soviet Government of Russia. The meeting was prevented by the armed forces of the British government. In commenting on the article the editor of The Herald, a London left wing Socialist paper, says: "It is a noble tribute from the ablest of living Irish writers and economists of the constructive order to the most brilliant of successful revolutionists of all

time, and is as the voice of the most western hailing the most eastern people of Europe."

17, Rathgar Avenue, Dublin,

14th November, 1918

Dear O'Brien,—I hear that a meeting has been arranged in Dublin at which some form of recognition or salutation to the Russian Revolution will be made. I hope the mists which have obscured that mighty upheaval will soon be cleared away and the real character of the revolution made known. I have no doubt that much to be regretted or deplored has taken place, but I have come to the conclusion, partly from personal statements made to me by people who were in Russia during the revolution, and from confirmation of their statements, which have been made public, that the stories of violence and bloodshed have been greatly

exaggerated. A Canadian acquaintance who was in Russia for four years, returning this summer, told me that he had seen since his return minute, precise, and detailed accounts of massacres and the destruction of buildings in Moscow. "I was there at the time," he said, "and there was not a single shot fired and the buildings were intact." Colonel MacCormick, President of the American Society of Engineers, who witnessed the revolution, wrote this spring in a New York paper that nine-tenths of the stories of outrages and murders were pure inventions of the old regime, and that they were circulated by the German Government, accepted by the Allied Press, and this helped to increase the gulf between Russia and the Allies, which it was the aim of the German Government to widen. Even if these stories were true, this could be said in extenuation, that the autocracy kept the people of

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Arrest and Liberation

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Russian soldiers conducted by one of my friends, all wearing red cockades and red armbands. When they saw me they came in my direction.

"You are Comrade Rakovsky?"

"Yes."

"Comrade, in the name of the Russian Republic, you are free. Come with us."

We all embraced warmly and without returning to my room I followed my liberators toward the door. Passing the agents and policemen who stood there as motionless and impassable as statues. In the street before the house were two automobiles, garlanded with leaves, flowers and red draperies.

"Get in Comrade."

I was helped into the second automobile, trembling with emotion. It all seemed to me a dream. I did not believe my eyes. Before me stretched an unforgettable pageant. The entire street, very wide and sloping gently up, was covered with soldiers ranged by companies and battalions, with their officers on horseback at the head. Above this immense multitude, a forest of red flags and revolutionary inscriptions. All were decorated with the red cockade.

One of the members of the committee began "Comrades, we have just accomplished a revolutionary act. We have torn from the claws of the Russian government a comrade who is connected not only with the Socialist movement in the Balkans, but also with that of all Europe, and particularly of Russia. Until now we have been forced to do business with the false delegates of the Rumanian people; now we have liberated their real representative!" In the midst of enthusiastic acclamation I rose to speak, and leaning on the shoulders of two comrades, I expressed to the soldiers my gratitude and greeted them in Russian and Rumanian.

The demonstration, with the automobiles at the head and preceded by a military band, surged toward the center of the city. The authorities were conspicuous by their complete absence. They were prudent, for if they had attempted to interfere at that moment they would have provoked a bloody conflict, which might have had revolutionary consequences. We were masters of the city. When we approached the center of the town a police inspector approached. Naturally I supposed that he had come to demand my arrest. But no. It was to beg me in a very humble voice to persuade the Russian Committee not to change the route of the march agreed upon by the Committee and the police. Looking at him I recognized the same man who had treated me with brutality two months before.

It was when I was shut up in the barracks of the rural police. I had already passed one night sitting on a chair. It was nine o'clock in the evening; no

one had come to see me. The police seemed to have forgotten me. One of the agents on guard, taking pity on me, telephoned to headquarters for instructions. I took one of the telephone receivers and listened. The one who answered from headquarters was this same inspector.

"Mr. Inspector, what are your instructions about Dr. Rakovsky? Where shall he sleep?"

"Where did he sleep last night?"

"On a chair."

"Well, let him do the same thing tonight."

Finally we arrived at the center of the town, the great Square of the Union near the tall monument of the Prince Ceauza. In a few minutes the whole square was full. The steps and balconies of the Hotel Trajan were black with people, as well as the windows and roofs of the surrounding houses. The demonstration of the Russians, as well as the news of my liberation spread already through the city, brought together an enormous crowd.

A second meeting followed, with speeches in Russian, Rumanian and French, prophesying the Rumanian Republic and the Republic of the Balkans. There was immense enthusiasm. At the end improvised choruses of soldiers accompanied by the military music sang the Funeral March of the Russian Revolutionaries: "Victims they fell in the great struggle, etc." All the throng listened bareheaded. My automobile became the center of a pilgrimage. Known and unknown friends, civilians and soldiers, comrades and men who were simply borne by the current, came to shake my hand.

Before leaving the center of the city we saved from prison a Rumanian comrade, Boujor, former editor of *Lupta*, against whom was a warrant of arrest for a speech at the burial of a comrade military doctor dead of typhus. Mr. Boujor was also a lieutenant in the army.

The same evening, by special train, put at my disposition by the soldiers and officers and accompanied by a guard of honor, we crossed the frontier of the new Russian Republic. Russia, which has filled all the countries of Europe and America with its emigrants, in our persons gave for the first time on its soil hospitality to two Socialists, foreign political emigrants.

Doctor Rakovsky

By John Reed

For two months in the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs of the Soviet Government at Petrograd I worked side by side with Rakovsky. He was editing a daily paper in Rumanian, *Inainte*, which was distributed not only in the ranks of the Rumanian army, but also to the Transylvanian soldiers of the Austrian army. He made frequent trips to the south of Russia, where he

efforts are being made to reorganise Russia, to build up a new social order on democratic and co-operative lines. . . .

These developments are not noticed in the Press here, which selects all that is sensational, whether accurate or rumour, and ignores the work of reconstruction. I have read papers which in the same article denounced Lenin and Trotsky as paid agents of Germany, and also commented on the disastrous effect of their propaganda on the morals of the German soldiers and workmen. These men could hardly be paid by the German autocracy to undermine its influence over its own people. On the Eastern front Trotsky and Lenin, the men of ideas, won against Hindenburg and Ludendorf, the men with guns. We beg to suspect that the *Daily Mail* for once allowed truth to be printed in its columns when its correspondent in Russia wrote that, strange as it might appear to people in England, Lenin and Trotsky were men of real intellect and probably knew more about international politics than Mr. Arthur Balfour. We can see over the smoke of conflict the scaffolding of the new Russia arising. The conflict over its foundations will pass, but the building will be continued, and the democracies in other countries should see that their Governments allow the Russian people to work out their own destiny. Even those who are enemies of the Revolution have to admit that ninety per cent. of the Russian people are supporters of the present Government. And people are supporters of the present Government and self-named League of Nations, however armed with righteousness, could have a moral right to overturn the social order in a country which is supported by the people themselves. We do not hear of Russians rising in masses against the rule of the

secretly crossed the Rumanian lines and traveled incognito through his own country, spreading revolutionary doctrine, at the risk of his life.

In December, 1917, when the Soviet Government signed an armistice with Germany and Austria, Rumania refused to participate. The Russian troops on the Rumanian front obeyed orders from Petrograd and entertained at headquarters a German and Austrian delegation. The Rumanian Government arrested this delegation, and upon the protest of the Russians, surrounded them with Rumanian troops and fired on them with artillery. The Russian soldiers had to cut their way by force through the Rumanian lines back to Russia, losing many men.

The consequences were swift. Trotsky ordered the immediate arrest of the Rumanian minister at Petrograd. The next day Allied and neutral ambassadors demanded his liberation. This was granted, but the Soviet Government ordered that the Rumanian diplomatic mission should leave Russia within ten hours.

That afternoon I was in the office of Zalkind, Assistant Commissaire of Foreign Affairs. In one corner were five or six red guards and sailors drinking tea around a battered samovar. At the side of the room Rakovsky sat at a table, writing furiously.

Entered *Avtor* in the old-time resplendent liveries of the Czar. He had a card. It read Mr. A—, first secretary of the Rumanian Embassy to Russia.

"Show him in," said Zalkind. There appeared a dapper youth in a frock coat, silk hat, gloves and stick. He surveyed the room with uneasiness mingled with contempt. Zalkind, wearing peasant boots and an old uniform without insignia, came forward to meet him.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked courteously.

"This is the Ministry of Foreign Affairs?" asked the secretary. "We have received an order emanating from somewhere that the Rumanian Embassy must leave Russia within ten hours. My dear sir, that is impossible. We have much to do. Our officials are scattered over Russia. It will take at least three days—"

Zalkind smiled in the friendliest way. "With that, Mr. Secretary, I have nothing to do. You must address yourself to our Commissaire for Rumania Affairs. Allow me, Comrade Rakovsky."

Rakovsky rose from his seat, dignified and suave. He bowed. The Secretary went pale and dropped his gloves.

"I am extremely sorry to be unable to accommodate you, Mr. Secretary," said Rakovsky very politely. "The last time I was officially in your country I was compelled to leave in two hours and a half. We give the ambassador ten hours, and by that we recognize that he is four times as important as I. Good afternoon."

Soviets, but of Czechoslovaks, Japanese, and other foreigners deputed to punish the Russian people for their crimes against humanity. Their crimes I believe to be twofold. They desired to be at peace when the rest of the world was at war, a very serious offence, as we in Ireland know. They also desired to have economic democracy when the Great Powers had got no further than a desire to make the world safe for political democracy, and were, I believe, even a little dubious about that state of society, though experiment has proved that pure cultures of capitalism can be cultivated in a political democracy and develop there with the rapidity of bacteria in a jug of Dublin milk.

Yours sincerely,

GEO. W. RUSSELL.

The Background of the German Revolution

Continued from page four

ment of a proletarian, Socialist Revolution, still to be accomplished was indicated in a speech by Karl Liebknecht delivered on November 20: "Did the bourgeoisie while in power permit you to have a voice in the government? No! Then the workers must not permit it to have any say now. We need a Government of soldiers and workmen, a government of the proletariat, which will not have to bow down before the Entente. There must be no dickerings with Entente Imperialism. We will dispose of that just as we did with German autocracy. The Revolution is also bound to reach the Entente countries, but we, who made the Russians waste a whole year, are insisting that the Revolution break out in England and France within twenty-four hours." A dictatorship of the proletariat, the definite initiation of Socialism, an alliance with proletarian Soviet Russia, a revolutionary war if necessary and the struggle for the international revolution—these are aspects of the second revolution, indicated by Liebknecht and by life itself.

Concerning the Russian Revolution

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Russia ignorant and they could not be blamed much if they did not act with wisdom. The Russian peasants and workmen were regarded by the ruling classes as little above the brute, and were treated accordingly, and if men are treated as brutes it is too much to expect when aroused they will act with gentleness. The leaders of the Revolution had the heritage of a country desolated by war and wrecked economically by a corrupt and inefficient bureaucracy. Swift action was necessary if worse was not to happen, and I doubt whether any Government—English, French or German—in a similar position, would have dealt more mercifully with minorities which obstructed them. It is fully with minorities which obstructed them. It is said the Revolution is not democratic, that general elections were not held to give moral sanction to the new regime. This is a strange criticism arising in countries like our own where a practical dictatorship has been established since the war began, where the most revolutionary changes were made without any reference to the electorate. When victory is sure our rulers begin to think of elections, and in Russia no revolutionary leader has made any pretence that the existing system of Workers' and Soldiers' Committees could be permanent. When the revolution is safe they will act as our own rulers, who have waited until the victory was secured before they spoke of seeking the approval of the country.

We do not know enough yet to praise or blame the leaders of the revolution in respect of their dealing with those who opposed them. But we do know enough from dispassionate observers to see that heroic

The Background of Bolshevism

By John Reed

ON January 15th, in the year of Our Lord 1919, and the 142nd year of American Independence, two months after the end of the War, Dr. Morris Zucker, American citizen, was convicted on four counts under the Espionage Act, in the Federal Court of Brooklyn.

According to *The World*, the speech for which he was convicted, which was a protest against the soldiers' attacks on Socialist meetings, contained the following treasonable sentences:

"America is becoming today what Russia used to be in the old, old days. . . ."

"Here in America they may tear the red flag from our hands, but they only implant it more firmly in our hearts. . . ."

"While I confess, my friends, I claimed exemption in America, if I were in Germany or Russia I would only be too proud to fight in the first line trenches. . . ." (i. e., in a Revolutionary Army).

"Yes, it is might that we are after. . . ."

"Next Thanksgiving Day we will celebrate the fact that the United States recognizes the red flag as the flag of democracy. . . ."

Assistant District Attorney Buchner, in demanding a heavy sentence, gave as his pretext a desire to check the spread of Bolshevism.

In his argument, Prosecutor Buchner is reported to have said: "Native Americans never had occasion to protest against the Espionage Act, insofar as the right of free speech is concerned."

That is a lie—a deliberate lie. Eugene V. Debs, native American, had occasion to protest against the Espionage Act; Bill Haywood, native American, had such occasion; all Socialists, native-born or foreign-born, all champions of the working-class in this country, of whatever origin, have had occasion to protest against the Espionage Act, which has been used by the capitalist class, through the agencies of our Government, to wage the class-struggle and which even now, after the ending of the War, is so used.

Let us examine the statements of Dr. Zucker one by one. What is the difference between the pogroms against Socialist meetings, instituted by our money-patriots, with the aid of returning soldiers, and the pogroms instituted by similar elements in Czarist Russia against the Jews? The suppression of political meetings, the censorship of political opinions in the press, the arbitrary arrests, the irresponsible menaces of the police, these do resemble conditions in Czarist Russia. And why should such a comparison be considered seditious, when the Allied armies are supporting in Russia those forces which desire to restore the Czar?

"Here in America they tear the red flag from our hands—" That is also true, and should be a cause for self-congratulation to those who are attempting to "check the spread of Bolshevism." That "they only plant it more firmly in our hearts" is also inevitably true, as the authorities would realize if they knew anything of the psychology of loyalty to symbols.

But they do not. They think, when with curses and the threat of punishment they force an American to stand up when the "Star Spangled Banner" is played, that they have "planted it firmly in our hearts." And they also think that when they "tear the red flag from our hands," they are checking the spread of Bolshevism. No, they are spreading Bolshevism.

Are men to be imprisoned for speaking the truth openly? Well, then, they will speak it privately, with far more effect because of that very fact.

Dr. Zucker then went on to say that he would rather fight in the Revolutionary Armies of a Socialist Republic than in the conscript armies of a Capitalist state. What Socialist will not agree with him, no matter in which country of the world he lives? Many times our useless rich, our idle parasites who live on the labor of others—for example, American heiresses who marry foreign nobles—have said that they preferred to be citizens of another country, and have expatriated themselves—and the kept press applauds. . . .

This country of ours used to be the refuge for the world's oppressed. From Germany, Austria, Poland, Bohemia in '48, they came; from the Russia of the Czar, from landlord-ridden Ireland; from southern Italy groaning under the weight of superstition and poverty; from the Asia of the Turk. . . . The influx of new blood into "free America" reached hundreds of thousands every year. And yet when the war broke out we discovered to our astonishment that lately most of these people had refused to become American citizens—had deliberately rejected the manifold "privileges" of American citizenship.

Why? Is it, as the National Security League alleges, because immigrants are "ignorant" of the advantages of American citizenship? Is it because they do not understand our "glorious institutions"? No, it is because they have been exploited and starved and clubbed and brutalized generally by the American industrial system and its agents, the American police and the American courts. It is for this reason that foreigners come here to make money, to save for a few years and accumulate a little sum upon which they could not live if they remained in America, but upon which they can have a decent life when they return to their own "backward" lands. . . . For some time the tide of really valuable immigration has been setting homeward—and after the war, when in every European country some form of People's Government will rule, maybe—who knows?—even American workers will want to find a country where they have some voice in the Government. . . .

"Yes," said Dr. Zucker, "it is might we are after. . . ."

This is true. The workers of the United States are now confronted with brute force, the naked force of the capitalist class, which does not even deign, itself, to obey the law. It has been proven that Mooney was convicted on perjured evidence, deliberately manufactured by an official of the law who shamelessly did the will of corrupt financial interests—and Mooney is in prison for life. It is proven that the mine-owners of Bisbee and other Arizona towns deported into the desert, without any warrant of law, several thousand striking miners and their sympathizers, and even their legal representatives, and attempted to starve them there—and yet these bandits are freed from prosecution by officers of the Government. It is proven that the great corporations, such as the Bethlehem Steel Company, who took advantage of the war to make huge profits out of the Government, now cynically refuse to perform the agreement they made with an agency of the United States Government, the War Labor Board, concerning treatment of their workers. It is plain to everyone who reads the papers that the capitalist class of this country is dumping on the labor market, with absolute indifference to the widespread human misery which follows, hundreds of thousands of workers who surrendered their defensive power at the call of "patriotism."

We are still beset and bedevilled by half-official, half-private strike-breaking and spying organizations like the National Security League and the American Defense Society, who, now that there is no longer any pretext for pursuing "German agents," turn their attention to "checking the spread of Bolshevism."

Might is what these agencies have. Might is the sole weapon by which the capitalist class preserves its hegemony—the might of economic terrorism, the might of controlling the price of living necessities, the might of police and constabularies, expressed by the courts of criminal law.

It is usually the practice of Socialists and labor leaders convicted under the Espionage Act to praise the fairness of the court that tried them. I am inclined to believe that most stories of the sort are apocryphal. Any Socialist knows that under the dictatorship of the capitalist class in which we live, the courts of law are administered in the interests of the ruling class, and the law is interpreted according to those interests.

But, it will be answered, there is the jury system. . . .

The jury system! Whoever heard of a Socialist knowingly drawn on a jury panel? And if he were, how many times do you remember a Socialist being permitted to sit on a jury in a political case against a worker? If a jurymen admits to being a Socialist, he is challenged or excused "for cause." This also applies to "social workers," and indeed to anyone who displays either intelligence about economic questions, or democratic leanings of a Jeffersonian nature, or sympathy with the under dog.

Naturally, therefore, the jury is carefully weeded out until all that remain are petty bourgeois—who think that Socialism means Free Love and a reign of thievery—and class-conscious members of the ruling class.

What chance has a Socialist or labor leader before such a court?

But worse. There are, as everyone knows, persons who remain on the jury panel year after year—"professional jurors." Their business is to convict—or else they are liable to lose their chance to earn two dollars a day. This applies even to the Federal juries in New York. In San Francisco the jury which convicted Tom Mooney was drawn from a list notorious for its "professional" character.

When the official organs of justice themselves disregard the law, what is there left but "might"? When the political ballot is cancelled by the money power which corrupts or nullifies the men we elect to represent and govern us, what is there left but to oppose it with some other kind of power? When, in this "land of the free," men are sent to prison for ten and twenty years for political offenses—punishments unparalleled in the Empire of the Russian Czar—when conscientious objectors are tortured more fiendishly, and military offenders broken more brutally, than ever under the autocracy of the German Kaiser, what are we to do but to resist? When the whole ruling class of this country, at the end of a war supposedly waged to "make the world safe for Democracy," turns with the utmost cynicism to strengthening its own brutal power at the expense of the workers, and all the answer to our protests is a speech by Mr. Wilson that sounds like an editorial in the *New Republic*, what in God's name are we to do except abolish it?

I do not believe, with Dr. Zucker, that "next Thanksgiving Day we will celebrate the fact that the United States recognizes the red flag of democracy." But it is certain that if the present state of affairs continues, the red flag must soon begin to assume that significance.